

# PEOPLE and THINGS

By ATTICUS

**A**S I listened to the Duke of Edinburgh last Wednesday, I realised how he almost alone is able to say the things which ought to be said, but which no one else quite likes to say. He was speaking at the luncheon given to him by the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in Great Britain. By a happy coincidence this also provided the occasion for wishing God-speed to the Canadian Trade Mission, which has achieved so great a success over here during the past few weeks.

The plain economic fact, the Duke said, was that we had been buying too much from Canada, and Canada had been buying too much from the United States. "It is as simple as that." Who else could have explained the sterling-dollar problem in so easy a way?

Again he described the Commonwealth as being "much more than just a club for nice nations." The mission had demonstrated that it was a commercial and economic partnership for the benefit of all its peoples.

Speaking as the Duke was to the "dollar" member of the Commonwealth, who could have hit the nail more squarely on its head?

### Laughing Visionary

**W**HOM shall we nominate as the outstanding figure of the year which is almost, in its last throes? No one can deny that Mr. Khrushchev has some claims to that distinction even if his antics are sometimes reminiscent of the witches at the cauldron. President Eisenhower is another claimant who has won respect at least for his courage and his sense of duty. Nor can we omit our own Prime Minister, who has met the onslaught of events with a cool and cultured mind reinforced by a Scottish purposefulness.

But we would also be wrong to neglect Mr. John Diefenbaker, who came to London last week on his way home from N.A.T.O. Colonel George Drew gave a lively party for the Canadian Prime Minister last Thursday evening.

Mr. Diefenbaker's critics say that he is a fanatic, on Commonwealth and, certainly, in his brief Premiership. He has brought new life to the old conception of Imperial unity. As a man he has the eyes of a visionary, but he also has the sanity of a fighter.

### Where Praise is Due

**S**IR WILLIAM ROOTES, as the official chief booster of the dollar trade, acts on the old Yankee principle that:

He who whispers down a well about the goods he has to sell,

Will not earn as many dollars

As he who climbs a tree and hollers.

It was Sir William who arranged the V.I.P. train tour of the Canadian Trade Mission, and he came in for many tributes at a farewell party at Lancaster House last week.

There were no speeches and everyone was happy.

### Covey of Colonels

**W**HILE the fifteen national delegations were sitting splendidly concentric in the Palais de Chaillot last week, another cross-section of N.A.T.O. was in Britain. Part of the five-month course for students at the Royal College (the spelling is not consistent) consists of visits to other N.A.T.O. countries, and seventy

students and instructors were spending a week here.

Although every student is of the equivalent rank of colonel, they submit docilely at the college in Paris to a nine-till-five regime of lectures and discussion on military and diplomatic method. But a Netherlands colonel said he thought the travel they had been to all the N.A.T.O. countries except Iceland and the U.S.A.—was the most valuable part of all; "when you meet people, then you really get to understand them."

Most of the party had seen England before; but a U.S. colonel on his first visit said wonderingly that he had never seen such friendly people. "You English seem to like everybody." At Oxford they had spent the night at Worcester; "those old rooms are so cold; I guess this is part of the character-building for your young men?"

### Diplomatist

**SIR HUMPHREY TREVELYAN**, who has been appointed an Under-Secretary to Mr. Mansfield will bring wide knowledge to the problems of the United Nations. His experience as Ambassador to Egypt must have taught him a lot in the art of leading from weak-



SIR HUMPHREY TREVELYAN

ness and conserving his trumpet. Like so many men who rise to high place he is a son's son. In the Political Service in India, from which he transferred in 1947, he was regarded as one of the most brilliant men of his generation in any of the civil services of the Raj.

With his varied background one can hardly imagine any diplomatic problem that will come to him as totally new and unforeseen. At fifty-two years of age he is old enough to recognise difficulties and young enough to believe that in diplomacy the impossible can sometimes be achieved.

### Changed on the Bench

**M**R. JUSTICE OLIVER, who retired last week, is considered by many to be the greatest living English criminal lawyer. He has devoted much of his nineteen years on the bench to the most difficult criminal cases. He is the sole surviving member of the team that prosecuted Ethel Thompson and Frederick Bywaters in the famous murder trial in 1922.

Educated at Marlborough and Corpus, Oxford, Sir Oliver won the Military Cross during the first world war. In 1936 he sat with the late Lord Porter and the present Lord Simonds on the tribunal that investigated the "Thomas" Budget scandal.

A name strongly canvassed in legal circles as a possible successor to Mr. Justice Oliver is that of Richard Elwes, the brother of Simon Elwes the portrait painter. Mr. Elwes, who is fifty-six, has been Recorder of Northampton since 1946 and Chairman of Derbyshire Quarter Sessions since 1954. A tall, good-looking man

with a halo of white hair, he is a popular member of the Bar with a good Common Law practice both in London and on the Midlands circuit. Recently his name has been brought into greater general prominence by his publicly expressed support for the Wolfenden Report.

### Man of the Theatre

**T**HERE are few more romantic sights than an artist working at full pelt; and how easy it is to believe that a theatre can suffer from its geographical position—until along comes a man with a policy which would attract audiences even to the South Pole, crowded as it is becoming.

Both thoughts occurred to me the other day as I passed through Oxford. I had dropped in at the Playhouse to renew acquaintance with an old friend, Frank Hauser. I found him hollow-eyed from long rehearsals, shaving off a three-day stubble in the office mirror.

Hauser is one of those passing men of the theatre who believe that nothing will be done correctly until they are in control, and when they are in charge they confound everyone's predictions by proving they were right.

He, at least, has pulled the Playhouse out of the doldrums by setting in motion that circle whereby well-known actors will travel out of London confident that the critics will write about them and the critics will travel out in order to see the star performers.

At the moment Hauser has Bette Davis on "Goat Island" on at the Playhouse, a second company on tour with "Under Milk Wood," his own production of Anouilh's "Dinner with the Family" in the West End, and "Lysistrata," which he first put on in Oxford and which was popularly known there—as though it were an American musical—as "Lizzie Starter," soon to open at the Royal Court.

### Automation

**E**VER alert for new examples of ingenuity I am assured by a reader of *The Sunday Times* that he has just seen a car which came across a lorry equipped with an illuminated Christmas tree and a gramophone that poured out carols. Presumably the driver did the rest.

### Tally-Ho!

It is only fair that we should give space to at least one of the many letters which have protested against the denigration of country officers which came in the letter of Captain R. B. England, R.N. (Ret.), because he speaks for the Senior Service and brings a commendable detachment to the discussion:

Dear Atticus,

I served with three men, all later made famous: Admiral Lord Beatty, Sir Roger Keyes and Sir Walter Cowan. All three shared one thing in common. They never failed to get a horse and to ride it when they got the chance.

They taught us that if we ever caught sight of the enemy, by far the best thing to do was to go after him as quickly as possible, in much the same manner as the cavalry soldiers of those days used to go after a fox.

### Russian Art

**A**LTROUGH an exhibition of Russian art at the Royal Academy now seems certain next winter, officials at the Academy will have to wait until next month before they discover which pictures the Russians will be sending.

A preliminary selection from the main galleries in Moscow



and Leningrad was made as long ago as August, 1956, by Mr. Philip James of the Arts Council and Sir William Coldstream, Slade Professor of Fine Art at London University, but all arrangements were postponed after the Hungarian rising.

Mr. James says that if the Russians send what was originally asked for, the most impressive part of the exhibition will almost certainly consist of the early ikons, few of which have been seen outside Russia before. Some of them date from the fourteenth century.

Mr. James tells me that there is much eighteenth-century painting of interest and that he saw some pictures from the mid-1920s which he enjoyed.

One condition of the exhibition is that a reciprocal show of British painting should visit Russia. Two Russian art historians recently visited London, seeing the pictures. Moscow wanted to see them. They showed great knowledge and enthusiasm for Reynolds and Gainsborough.

### St. James's Square

**N**o one can accuse the Royal Institute of International Affairs of "doing a St. James's Theatre," with their notion of rebuilding on their magnificent Chatham House site; for they have told their members and the public what is in their mind before even draft plans have been considered, so that all possible opportunity for discussion and objection has been given.

The St. James's Square frontage has the dubious honour of being one of the most of eighteenth-century London. One plan which will be studied is to keep the Georgian facades and rebuild behind them. But from the strictly architectural point of view one has to admit that the claims to perpetuation of these houses are strictly academic. Numbers 9 and 10 St. James's Square, the noble interiors, the staircase to the first floor have merit, but not such that their loss would be an artistic tragedy.

As for the exterior, it is admittedly no argument that the square has already been transformed by modern buildings, one of wholly incongruous height: we need not make bad worse. But we must wait and see what the architect, Mr. Harold Greenwood, proposes.

### Oeuvres Florentines

**P**IERRE ANNIGONI's first exhibition in the United States has put the famous Italian painter very much in the cultural and dollar map of America. His £2,000,000 collection of pictures, including the great masters, the critics, the painters and, above all, the rich and the fashionable, The portrait of the Queen, loaned by the Fishmongers' Company, is an attraction which Manhattan has been unable to resist.

A number of New York's leading socialites from Park Avenue and Riverside Drive have been making inquiries about the possibility of sitting

for their portraits, but they will have to go to Florence, because Annigoni has announced that he will do most of his future work at his studio there. With admirable shrewdness he has realised that Americans like nothing so much as combining a holiday with a definite purpose.

### People and Words

Nothing is cheap nowadays except abuse.

—MR. R. G. MUNZIES, Prime Minister of Australia.

When I was young Science was in a real relation of the Arts. Now it is the Jolly Uncle on whom we all depend.

—THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.

Heaven forbid that the House of Lords should become a stamping ground for Bossy Jane.

—VISCONTI MASERINE & FERRARD.

The new Minister of State for Science is to London for the Vaux match and ended in the Government, which is far worse than ending up at Bow Street.

—LADY MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.

I hope that the next time the noble Lord misquoted me he will misquote me correctly.

—VISCOUNT KILMARNOCK, The Lord Chancellor.

In determining whether a person is a child, the prime consideration is his age.—MINISTRY OF PENSIONS & NATIONAL INSURANCE INSTRUCTION.